

# Guided By Voices, Game Of Pricks

(R. Pollard)

I've waited too long to have you  
Hide in the back of me  
I've cheated so long I wonder  
How you keep track of me

You could never be strong  
You can only be free  
And I never asked for the truth  
But you owe that to me

I've entered the game of pricks  
With knives in the back of me  
Can't call you or on you no more  
When they're attacking me

I'll climb up on the house  
Weep to water the trees  
And when you come calling me down  
I'll put on my disease

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You can only be free  
And I never asked for the truth  
But you owe that to me  
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